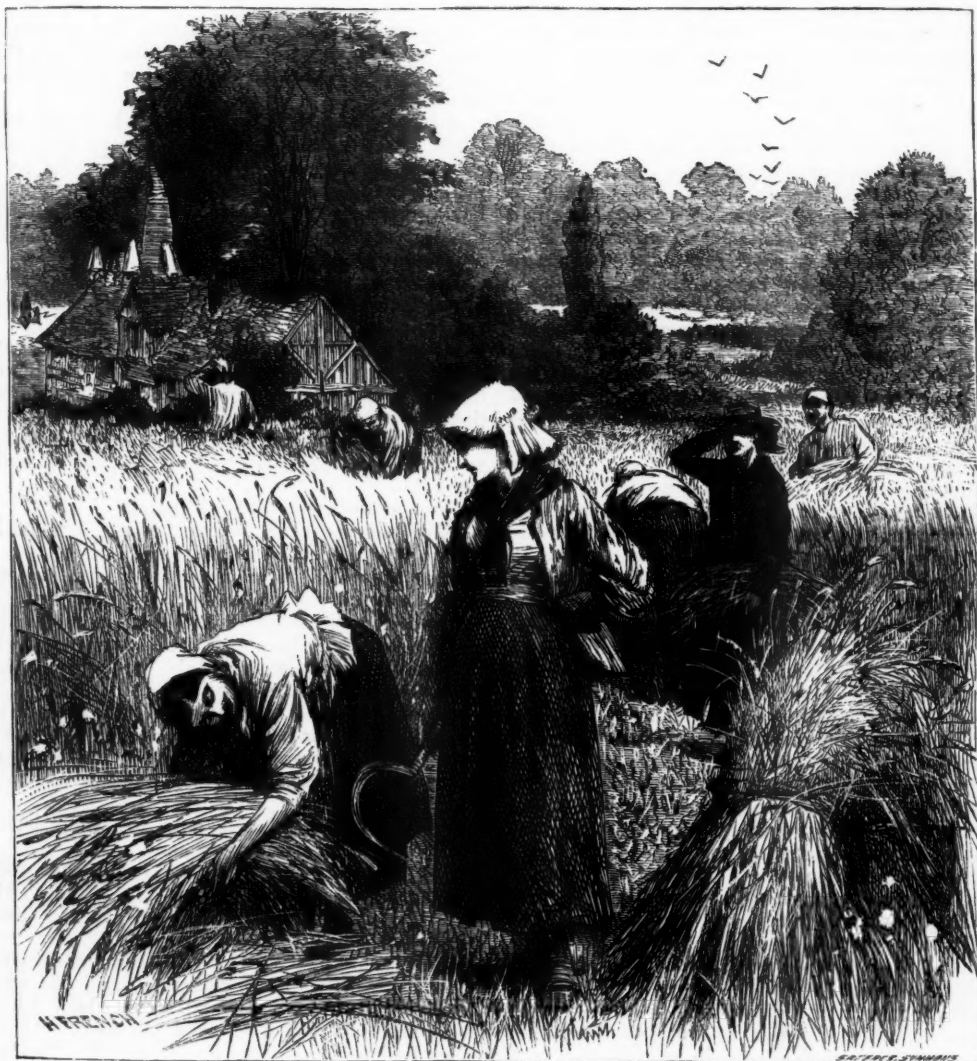


# THE LEISURE HOUR.

BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,  
AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND.—*Courier.*



IN THE HARVEST FIELD.

## HIS ONLY ENEMY.

CHAPTER XXVI.—TOGETHER.

**B**ERNARD SPENSER lingered until the close of the day following that of his interview with Allen Harford; and before the week had passed, he was buried in the pretty little Deanfield cemetery at the expense of the man he had wronged.

Poor little Janey was very ill for some weeks after her father's death, but, under the skilful treatment of

the old doctor and his nephew, she passed safely through the crisis of the disorder. When she was sufficiently recovered to be removed, Sarah Chiffin kindly invited her to come and stay at Quarry Farm for a few months—an invitation which was thankfully accepted by the poor little orphan.

In spite of the distance, Dr. Charles Kemp seemed to think it necessary to pay two or three visits a week to the farm, professedly to see how his patient progressed. Even when the bright summer weather had

come, and Janey had quite recovered, he still continued his visits, much to the surprise of his uncle, who knew that the child was rapidly regaining her strength, which he attributed to the pure air and the farmer's liberal table. The old doctor had called in at the farm one day, when he was on his way home from The Manor, where he had been to see Mrs. Raeburn, who was confined to her room with a slight cold. It was the doctor's second visit at the farm during Janey's stay, the first having been made about a week after her arrival, so that some months had elapsed between them. It being harvest-time when he made his second call, all was life and bustle at the farm. Janey was out among the harvesters, and Sarah Chiffin had to send one of the servant-girls to fetch her to the house. In the meanwhile the old doctor sipped his glass of cream and chatted with Sarah, calling her to account for not having visited them during the past two or three months.

"You can't plead the distance as an excuse, Miss Chiffin, since you have paid several visits to Deanfield to see your friend Miss Holland. You are down in Mrs. Kemp's black list, so you had better make an early call and ask her forgiveness."

Sarah laughingly promised that she would. Then the appearance of Janey Spenser diverted the doctor's attention. He could scarcely believe his eyes as he glanced down at her rosy face, and noted that her slight diminutive figure had a decided appearance of good health. The old gentleman put on his glasses and looked at her, and felt her pulse, which he found to be quite satisfactory. What could his nephew mean by still thinking she required medical supervision? He glanced with a puzzled air from her to Sarah Chiffin, but found no solution to the problem, so he made up his mind to question "Master Charley," as he sometimes called him, on the subject; but the young doctor, when he inquired for him, chanced to be absent, having been summoned to attend another patient.

Dr. Charles returned about an hour after his uncle, looking a little jaded and weary. The old doctor, who was seated in his consulting-room reading an article in the "Lancet," laid down the paper as his nephew entered, and inquired after one or two doubtful cases. His mind set at rest on that point, he surprised the young man by suddenly asking a series of questions about Janey Spenser, which questions were somewhat evasively answered, much to the uncle's disappointment.

"Of course, Charles, you have had better opportunities of studying her constitution than I have, and if you think there is any danger of a relapse don't let anything I have said prevent you still attending her;" as he concluded he took up his paper again and resumed his reading.

The young man kept his hot flushed face bent over the table at which he was seated, and for some minutes made a pretence of examining his note-book. Presently he returned it to his pocket, got up and walked to the window, glanced out for an instant, then drew down the sash and returned towards his chair, but instead of resuming his seat he leaned against the mantel and said, with affected carelessness, "You are quite right, uncle, about Jane Spenser, and I may as well candidly acknowledge that my visits to Quarry Farm were of a private character. You remember telling me that I must get married?"

"Of course I do, but you don't seem inclined to take my advice. What has that to do with your patient at the farm?"

"Nothing whatever, uncle, but it has something to do with Miss Sarah Chiffin."

The old doctor uttered an ejaculation of surprise, for not the slightest suspicion of the truth had crossed his mind. "So you have chosen a wife for yourself, young gentleman. Well, I suppose I must congratulate you on your choice, for the lady happens to be a great favourite of your aunt's, and I may add, one of mine, but, as you are aware, I had other views for you."

"Yes, uncle, I know, and I like Miss Holland very much, but—"

His uncle interrupted, finishing the sentence for him. "But you like Sarah Chiffin better; that is quite enough, Charles, no further explanation is needed."

A few days later the old doctor paid a visit to The Elms, to see Allen Harford. He found him making preparations for a trip to the seaside, for he was beginning to feel the effect of his excessive application, having been in close attendance at the manufactory throughout the whole of the summer, which had been an intensely hot one.

After having cordially welcomed the doctor, Allen inquired how Mrs. Raeburn was, for he guessed, and rightly, that he had been to The Manor.

He replied somewhat gravely, "She is not at all well, Allen. In spite of all my precautions her cold has developed into a sharp attack of bronchitis; still there is no immediate danger. I am glad to see you are taking my advice, Allen, and going to give yourself a holiday. How long do you intend to stay?"

"Not more than a fortnight, doctor."

"Too short a time, Allen; far better make it a month."

Thus they chatted on until the doctor discovered that it was time for him to be on his way home. As he got up from his seat he startled his host by saying, with characteristic bluntness, "Charley's engaged at last, so I suppose we shall be having in a little while a wedding in the family."

Allen's face paled, and he sank back into the seat from which he was in the act of rising. The doctor went on: "I dare say you remember me telling you that we had chosen Ruth Holland as a wife for him?"

Yes, Allen remembered only too well, but he merely bowed his acknowledgment.

"Well, the ungrateful young scamp has found some one he likes better. What do you think of his taste when I inform you that Mrs. Charles Kemp elect is Miss Sarah Chiffin?"

"Sarah Chiffin!" repeated Allen, in amazement, his face clearing and brightening, and his whole manner undergoing a change, signs which did not escape notice of the keen-eyed old man. "I can find no fault with his taste, doctor, for Miss Chiffin is very handsome, and, what is better, very good."

"That isn't the question, Allen. I selected Ruth Holland for him, but he prefers Sarah. If you had the choice, which would you choose?"

There was a mischievous smile on the doctor's face as he waited for his answer. Allen flushed up, but he said, unhesitatingly, "Miss Holland, certainly."

"Ah, I thought so. Well, it's the last time I shall indulge in match-making."

To the surprise of the housekeeper, Allen Harford returned home from the seaside at the end of the first week. He could not remain away from Dean-

field with the new hope that had once more taken possession of him, so he came back, but, strange to say, now that he knew Ruth Holland was free he could not summon courage enough to pay a visit to the inmates of the little cottage. Since the day he met Dr. Charles Kemp there he had never called, and now he bitterly reproached himself for having let a few chance words prevent him from continuing his friendly visits to Ruth and her aunt. For several days after his return he wandered about the neighbourhood of the cottage, starting out from the manufactory with the intention of calling, but always coming back without having done so. It was on one of these occasions, when he had again failed, and was making his way home to The Elms by a short cut, which took him through a narrow, winding, tree-shadowed lane, that he came suddenly face to face with the object of his thoughts.

It was the afternoon on which Ruth Holland gave her pupils a holiday, and she had been persuaded by her aunt to go out for a walk. She was now on her way home, and would willingly have passed on with a slight but graceful movement of her head, in acknowledgment of their acquaintance, for she was surprised out of her self-possession at the unexpected meeting, but Allen stopped at once, and held out his hand.

"This is a pleasure I did not anticipate, Miss Holland. I hope you are quite well."

"Quite well, thank you, Mr. Harford."

The tone of her voice told him at once that she resented something, possibly his familiar way of addressing her.

"How is your aunt?"

"Thank you, she is quite well now."

The emphasis she laid upon the last word reminded Allen of his past neglect. He had unconsciously retained possession of her hand, and did not become aware of the fact until Ruth made an effort to withdraw it; but Allen took a firmer hold of the slender fingers, saying, in a low and slightly agitated voice, "I see you are offended with me, Miss Holland, and I confess I deserve the implied censure which your last words contained. But have a little mercy, if only for the sake of the past. If I have not called of late, and seemed less friendly, it was owing to a false impression which I received on my last visit."

"I don't understand you, Mr. Harford, and shall feel obliged if you will explain."

Allen dropped her hand at once, and Ruth half regretted her hastily spoken words as he did so.

"Pardon me," he said, "I don't want you to misjudge me, Miss Holland, for I value your good opinion too highly. It is not pride that has kept me from calling, though I imagine you think it has been. Ever since my last visit I have been under the impression that you and Dr. Charles Kemp were engaged to be married." Allen noted the look of astonishment that came into Ruth's eyes; he continued, speaking hurriedly, "I may give you further offence by my plain speaking: but do you think I could visit at Fernside for so many years, and be thrown so often in your company, without caring for you? You came into my heart and filled it before I realised how dear you had become to me. None guessed my secret except your stepfather, and he must have read it in my eyes. Can you wonder at my keeping away when I thought I had lost all chance of winning your regard?"

Ruth Holland remained silent, but she stole a shy

glance at his face from beneath her drooping eyelids.

Allen's heart sank when he found that Ruth made no response to his appeal. Slowly he let his outstretched hand fall to his side.

"Perhaps I have been too hasty in saying what I have, but the surprise of finding that you were free has compelled me to speak. Give me but the faintest hope, and I will serve as Jacob served for Rachel."

The deepening twilight and the shadow of the leafy screen overhead prevented Allen from seeing distinctly her down-bent face, or he might have read his answer there; Ruth turned away her head so as to hide the tears that glistened in her eyes.

#### CHAPTER XXVII.—COMING HOME TO DIE.

THE summer had gone with the swallows, and the chill of autumn was in the air; the season of grey misty twilights, when low-wailing winds swept over the bare fields, and drifted the falling leaves by the wayside. It was scarcely dusk when a crowded passenger train steamed into the little station of Silverton, an insignificant-looking village consisting of an irregular street of cottages, two or three farmsteads, and a primitive old-fashioned church and graveyard, where the "rude forefathers of the hamlet slept." Silverton had some good trout-fishing that was duly appreciated by the few who were acquainted with that fact; but apart from this attraction, the place was so insignificant that it would scarcely have been known beyond its own immediate neighbourhood, if it had not chanced to be located on one of the principal lines of railway from London to the North. The train left only one passenger at Silverton—a gentleman who had to be assisted out of the carriage, walking with difficulty along the platform, and giving directions about his luggage in a faint voice. It was all labeled Deanfield, for which place his ticket had been taken. Feeling too ill to continue his journey, he had been obliged to stop at Silverton and let the train go on without him. This was the explanation given to the station-master, who seemed benevolently anxious to do all that his limited means would allow to relieve and assist the unfortunate traveller, who asked if he could be taken to some quiet place near the station, where he might lie down and rest for an hour or two. It was his intention to proceed to Deanfield by the next train if he felt himself sufficiently recovered. There was a whispered consultation among the compassionate railway officials, resulting in the conveyance of the stranger to the Wheatsheaf, a little whitewashed country inn, with old-fashioned casement windows and a swinging sign that creaked in every passing breeze. This rustic haven for the traveller was happily only a few yards distant from the station.

"Lean on me, sir; lean as 'eavy as you like," urged the friendly porter, whose strong arm was supporting the tottering figure of the sick man, and guiding his uncertain steps along the road. This unexpected arrival at the Wheatsheaf caused some little stir of excitement, which did not calm down until some time after his installation in the breakfast-parlour. Utterly exhausted by the exertion of his transit from the station, the stranger lay upon the big sofa, whose homely patchwork cover concealed the ravages of time and hard service. The landlady, a kind motherly-looking old woman, with



a round fresh apple face, set in a frame of crimped cap border, hovered about him with warm drinks, and such refreshments as her simple experience suggested, to meet the necessities of the case. But the sick appetite refused to be tempted by anything, and Mrs. Dobson, the simple-minded mistress of the Wheatsheaf, took alarm at the illness of the traveller, which seemed to be growing worse. The sight of his ghastly face, and the sound of his weak, tremulous voice, were sufficient to justify all the apprehension which she confided to her husband. The worthy couple took counsel together as to the necessity of sending for Mr. Millar,—this was the name of the surgeon who lived down in the village.

"The poor gentleman's very bad, Tony," she said, with a compassionate shake of her head. "I think he's a bit light-headed, for he talks about being off again by the next train, and he's no more fit than a baby in arms."

"No more he is, Hannah, to my mind; he doesn't look as if he was long for this world. Best send for the doctor and hear what he says; it can't do no harm if it does no good."

So a message was sent, and the hard-worked country doctor promptly obeyed the summons. By the time he arrived at the Wheatsheaf the stranger was too ill to make the feeblest assertion of his own will, or resistance to the will of others. Mr. Millar was a little grave-faced man, with a keen professional manner and a slow, measured way of bringing out his words, as if they had been all duly sorted and weighed. He sat down and closely studied the sick man's face, while he took one of the passive unresisting hands and placed his fingers on the wrist. In the midst of this examination the sick man opened his eyes—heavy blue eyes full of weariness and pain, with dark circles under their lashes. Mr. Millar felt the pulse throb and quicken under his touch, and saw a feverish spot of colour kindle in the white face. He rightly judged that it was one of those transitory flashes of energy and excitement common to advanced stages of slow wasting diseases. He spoke hurriedly, "You are a doctor—did they send for you?"

"Yes."

"Thank you for coming. I see in your face that you think my case very bad. I know the worst; I have known it for months, and am on my way home from Australia. I'm going home to die!"

Mr. Millar made an effort to soothe the agitation of the stranger.

"Don't talk too much at present; keep yourself quiet. I will send you something to compose you, and perhaps to-morrow you will be able to—" He was interrupted excitedly.

"To-morrow, doctor! I must be at Deanfield to-night! I am going on by the next train."

"That is out of the question," Mr. Millar said, decisively. "If you were rash enough to make the attempt in your present state, you would never reach Deanfield alive!"

These words had the effect of increasing the excitement of the traveller; the feverish colour deepened, and he made an effort to rise from the sofa, but sank back moaning at his own helplessness.

"Oh, Allen! Allen! is this to be the end? Have I got thus far on my way only to break down before I can reach you?"

These were the murmured words that reached the ears of the compassionate surgeon, who stood and

watched him, evidently perplexed and anxious. Suddenly a new idea seemed to occur to him. His face cleared as he said, "Cannot your friends be sent for? If you like I will write out a telegram, and get it sent at once."

The suggestion was eagerly caught.

"A telegram! Ah, yes! I never thought of that; it will bring Allen to me if he is alive."

"Who is Allen?" queried the doctor, already on the hunt for such writing materials as the limited resources of the Wheatsheaf could afford.

"Allen is my brother, the only friend I have in the world. Send to Allen Harford, The Elms, near Deanfield, from Maurice Harford. Tell him I have broken down on my way home. He will come—I know he will come!"

Allen Harford had been spending the evening with Aunt Charity and her niece, and had walked home in the still autumn night, thinking of Ruth and rejoicing in his newly-gained happiness. Miss Thorpe had been somewhat surprised at the appearance of Allen Harford in company with her niece on the evening on which he had declared his love to Ruth. He was too impatient to wait until the next day to ask the old lady's consent to their engagement, so he had accompanied her home. As he passed into the grounds of The Elms he lingered a few seconds to take in more fully the impression of the scene, with all its deep-brooding peace.

But how full of contrasts is this life! how near to good the evil! Sorrow was closer than he thought. It met him when the hall door was opened in answer to his ring, and the old servant, Andrew, stood on the threshold holding a letter towards him.

"The boy from the telegraph-office brought this about half-an-hour since. I was thinking of coming out to look for you, sir."

Allen's heart sank. A telegram! What could it be? He took it with a sense of apprehension that forecast some sad news; still he was not prepared for the truth, and the summons of the Silvertown surgeon came upon him like a shock. He sent for Mrs. Farren, and informed her of the cause of his sudden journey; gave hurried orders for the trap to be got ready at once, and finally subsided for a few minutes into the library-chair to write an answer to the telegram.

"I am coming. The train leaves Deanfield in forty minutes. Do the best you can for him in the meantime."

The necessity for immediate action, and his breathless hurry in pushing forward the preparations for his journey, had left him scarcely time to think or realise the one overwhelming truth which stood out to him apart from everything. Maurice had returned; they were within a few hours' journey of each other. The moon was shining tranquilly upon the approaches to the little station when the train in which Allen Harford was travelling ran shrieking up to the platform, on which a gentleman was pacing to and fro, closely muffled in spite of the comparatively warm night. As Allen rightly guessed, it was the sender of the telegram. Mr. Millar had gone to the station from a benevolent wish to gain time in making Allen acquainted with the real nature of his brother's condition, and giving him some needful caution as to the control of his own feelings during the meeting. Maurice had been removed to one of the upper chambers, where Mrs. Dobson had shown

herself very careful and tender for his comfort. He was lying on a bed with lavender-scented sheets, and a snowy expanse of pillow and counterpane, which served to throw out the poor worn face that was lying there. Allen, at a sign from the surgeon, paused on the threshold and let him enter first. When he was permitted to advance, he transgressed the medical order by giving way to a burst of anguish, which had something almost womanly in its emotional intensity. The sick man met him with a great sob and a feeble stretching out of his wasted hands.

"At last we are together! Oh, Allen! Allen! I feared I should never see you again; now I shall feel at rest."

The elder brother stooped over him with the tenderness of a mother over a favourite child, raised the weary head, and rested it against his breast, murmuring, "Maurice! dear Maurice! thank God for bringing you back to me once more!"

### LONDON IN THE STREETS.

AMONG all the spectacles which London presents, there is none so impressive as the sight of the vast multitudes which at uncertain intervals are, owing to some source of attraction or other, drawn together in the public thoroughfares. The spectacle may be some civic or municipal ceremonial; it may be a royal wedding or a coronation; it may be the funeral of a national hero; it may be the arrival in the capital of some foreign sovereign, or of some patriot whose name and fame are dear to the lovers of liberty; but whatever the occasion which stirs the hearts of our English people, the extent to which it does so can be estimated by no better test than by the numbers and character of the crowds who flock to witness it. The mere sight seeing mob that waits on the Lord Mayor's procession is very differently constituted from the sympathetic crowd which welcomes the advent of a Kossuth or a Garibaldi; and that again differs materially from the applauding swarms who greet with suffusive adulation the occupier of some foreign throne. Not but that the constituents of a mob are much the same at all times, but its conduct will vary considerably, and its tone and temper will be more or less determined by the idea it has formed with regard to the chief actors in the scene.

"In the days when we were young" the multitudinous gatherings in London were more frequent than they have been of late years, but were comparatively insignificant. The population about the time of the Peninsular War was not more than 900,000, or hardly a fourth of what it is now. The crowds were of course in proportion, and less fear was entertained of serious disaster resulting from them. Of late years, however, it has been recognised that it is a serious matter to invite all London to a public spectacle, and that prudent precautions must be taken if sad results have to be avoided. Not only are the police distributed in force, and on some occasions the military called to their support, but the route the procession takes is so laid out as to spread the sight-seeing millions over as extended an area as possible. It is not forgotten that fearful calamities have ensued from the neglect of such precautions; persons have been trampled under foot, or crushed to

death by scores and hundreds in times past, from accidents which a little timely forethought would have prevented, while still greater numbers have been maimed or injured for life. To guard against such calamities the authorities are now always on the alert. With all this, however, it never happens that the crowds attending a public spectacle in London get off quite scot-free. There are always fatal cases more or less in number, and it follows, of course, that there are still more cases of accident not fatal. Strangely enough, a standing item among the fatal cases—at least it has been so for many years past—is that of an infant crushed to death in its mother's arms. A pity it is that the published reports of these great popular demonstrations, like to those of a battle-field, always wind up with a list of the killed and wounded.

Preparations of householders and shopkeepers are no less extensive, while they are at times far more expensive, than those of the City authorities without doors. On extraordinary occasions, when royalty takes part in the show, every window of every house along the whole line marked out for the procession becomes a point of vantage from which the spectacle may be viewed; while dead walls and vacant spaces are filled up with platforms and galleries erected for the day. By such means accommodation is sometimes provided for hundreds of thousands of persons who are in a condition to pay for it, and who do pay for it, often to a pretty tune. Fifty guineas for a first-floor room is no uncommon charge, the prices descending in proportion as those who pay them mount higher—those in the upper storeys paying much less, and those crowding the roofs less still.

Let us endeavour to recall one of the most memorable of these national spectacles, the details of which are yet vivid in our remembrance. It is a bright cool morning in early spring. The daughter of a royal house has crossed the sea to wed the heir of the British throne. For several days past preparations for her reception have been making along the route she will travel on English soil, but chiefly in London, where, accompanied by the bridegroom, she will show herself to the English people. We are standing at a window in the City commanding a view of King William Street and London Bridge, and the approaches to it in front, on the right and on the left. The bridge is gorgeously decorated with flags, banners, lofty poles with pennons streaming and fluttering in the wind, triumphal arches inscribed with words of welcome, and floral designs in gay colours masking the granite bulwarks, while the broad road is spread with gravel smoothly levelled. From battlement and balcony, on all sides wherever there is space, gay flags and draperies are hung out by the citizens in token of loyalty. The effect of all this lavish expense, however, is as nothing compared to the sight of the vast multitude of human beings who not only cover every foot of space in the streets, but block up every window, are ranged in rows on the projecting eaves of shops, throng on the roof-tiles, stride over chimney-tops, hang on the lamp-posts, and cling, as if for dear life, wherever there is aught to hold by. The mass in the roadway is so densely packed that it seems impossible to make room for more, but the London rough is not of that opinion, for see, on the right, where a broad street discharges into the line of route, a gang of some thirty brawny fellows have linked arm-in-arm, and, pushing shoulder to shoulder, rush like a battering-ram against the

solid wall of flesh. Though they are forced to recoil again and again, they succeed at length in penetrating it and packing it closer still, in spite of the strenuous efforts of the police, who have not room to act efficiently. There is an indignant howl from the attacked and dislodged party, some of whom, bruised and crushed, are fain to extricate themselves as well as they can and make off to a safer spot. Meanwhile the ominous sound that fills the air is something indescribable. With the myriad voices—the shouting, hooting, laughing, and shrieking—are mingled the incessant tramp and shuffling of the myriad feet. Fierce cries and loud huzzas alternate with the clang of deafening peals from neighbouring belfries, and anon all are mixed together in one discordant uproar to which there is nothing parallel in human experience. By-and-by a change comes over the scene: the tumultuous clamour is partially stilled, the innumerable faces are all turned in one direction, that from which the procession will advance. Then the frantic firing of broadsides from church bells clashes louder and louder and with madder iteration. Then a sudden pause in the din: the clamour of voices subsides into a note of monotonous murmur, broken in upon at regular intervals by the echoes of trumpet, cymbal, and drum, and the thunderous boom boom of distant cannon. It is worth while just now to study the faces of the wedged mass, particularly if you have a good opera-glass wherewith to frame some fifty of them in a circle. The picture is all faces—human faces in the extremest state of excitement, aggravated in no small degree by the feeling of intense personal discomfort—not a few of them being expressive quite as much of alarm and anxiety as of curiosity or expectation. And now the near Tower guns, with a sudden blast, quell all minor sounds, and as their echoes die away the strains of martial music fill the air, and, telling us that the royal cortège is at hand, raise expectation to the highest pitch. But still the minutes pass, and the procession does not appear; some glimpses of the royal carriages are caught, but they do not advance. How is it? Well, the fact is, that the whole regal procession, horseguards and all, is reduced at this point almost to a standstill by the solid flesh-and-blood wall of the weltering crowd. It has literally to bore its way through the multitude, much as an auger bores its way through an oaken plank. The crowd will not part—it cannot part—to make a way; and it is only by slow and cautious steps that the proud steeds are able to move; the living billows, as it were, lapping their flanks as they pass, leaving no visible gap in their rear. The deafening cheers grow louder as the carriages approach; the sight of the fair young bride with her joyous bridegroom arouses a vocal greeting of intensest, heartiest emphasis, which knows no pause, dying away at length in the distance with a sound which recalls the far-off dash of an incoming tide upon a shingly shore. Thus, for hour after hour, and mile after mile, through one unbroken sea of living men and women, the procession creeps slowly on; and thus is the bride of the heir-apparent introduced to the loyal population of the realm.

The most memorable of all the public spectacles of the present century was without doubt the funeral of Nelson, which took place early in the year 1806. There are but few persons alive now who can have any very distinct recollection of it, but in years past we have heard it described in detail by those who

witnessed it, and who, even after the lapse of an ordinary lifetime, could not speak of it without emotion. The solemn ceremony occupied two days, the first being appropriately devoted to a procession on the Thames, and the second to the slow march from the Admiralty to St. Paul's. The body lay in state at Greenwich, and was borne up the river by the afternoon tide, on a funeral barge, rowed by men of Nelson's own crew, and attended by a fleet of other funeral vessels crowded by the chief men of the City, clad in mourning, the sad train moving to the strains of solemn music. All traffic on the river had been stopped for the occasion, but every vessel in the Pool, and every point of view on either shore, were thronged with a nation's mourners, who in speechless silence watched the passing-by of all that remained of the indomitable hero who had fought for the very existence of England at Trafalgar, and with his dying grasp had crushed the strength of her enemies. From Whitehall, on the following day, the dead hero was borne through the City on a car modelled somewhat in the fashion of his own ship, the *Victory*, attended by the sharers in his triumphs and his fame, and followed by the chief persons in the kingdom of nearly every class and degree. Two of the greatest were, however, unavoidably absent—William Pitt, who was lying on his death-bed, and Arthur Wellington, who had gone (it was the only fruitless expedition of his life) up the Weser with a small British force, with the object of assisting the allies in thwarting the designs of Napoleon in that quarter. At the head of the company of mourners was the Prince of Wales and the Lord Mayor, followed by the royal brothers, the members of the Cabinet, and the principal members of both Houses of Parliament. The chief mourners, however, were the vast multitude themselves, who, with sad faces and fast-falling tears, looked in mute sorrow on the scene. The doleful sounds of the Dead March, and the murmur of the muffled drums mingling with the regular tramp of the funeral train, hardly sufficed to still the loud sobbing of the people in their passionate regret at the loss of their dearly-loved defender. It was almost dark, for the days were then short, when the procession reached St. Paul's, and, as many of our readers know, the burial service had to be performed by lamp-light, for which due provision had been made by lamps suspended beneath the dome. At the present day it is quite impossible for Englishmen to realise the feelings which seventy years ago influenced their forefathers. We have lived in a prosperous era of almost continual peace; they had been reared amidst the threats of revolution and the alarms of war. We have had no apprehensions for the safety of our homes and households; they beheld nearly the whole of Europe in the grasp of the Corsican adventurer who had threatened them with invasion. We enjoy our possessions without a thought of disturbance; they had shed the blood of their sons and lavished their wealth in the endeavour, which at times seemed all but hopeless, to preserve their independence. No wonder that their hearts should turn towards him whose valour had crippled the limbs of the tyrant by annihilating his navy, and had thus secured our island freedom; no wonder that even an unlettered mob should melt as the corpse of their deliverer passed along, and that their grief should find its natural and spontaneous expression.

It was nearly half a century after Nelson's death when he, the Nelson of the land, the great captain



who was destined to break the power which the great admiral had bruised, was also borne along the same route to share the same tomb. The funeral of the Duke of Wellington (November, 1852) must be fresh in the memory of not a few of our readers. To many it was hardly less impressive than that of the great naval hero, but it could not appeal so powerfully to the popular sympathies, the Iron Duke having died peaceably at an advanced age, the other in the full meridian of life, and in the arms of victory purchased with his life's blood. The spectators of Wellington's funeral were a crowd as numerous, perhaps, as ever up to that time had filled the streets, being partly composed of regiments of soldiers, who lined the way on either side throughout the principal portion of the route. Spite of the dismal weather, the thoroughfares were filled to overflowing by masses of all ranks and degrees who had come to witness and take part in the last honours paid to him—

"Who stood four-square to all the winds that blow"—

who wielded the might of England in vindication of the right of England and of humanity—who had been the victor in a hundred fights, and had defeated one after another the foremost warriors of his time—who, so great as a soldier, was scarcely less admirable as a man of peace and a statesman. He had taught us all, by the example of a long life, the beauty and the nobleness of duty as a principle of conduct. For duty he would at any time make any personal sacrifice, and in no single instance was it ever known that at its call he had preferred his own interest or the gratification of any personal feeling. All this the multitude who gathered to his funeral rites knew full well; they knew, too, that for half a century his name had been a household word; and many of them could look back to the anxious periods when every act of his was of vital import to the nation, and when all that Englishmen held dear depended, or seemed to depend, upon the unbroken success of his endeavours on their behalf. As the great conqueror moved in martial pomp towards his last resting-place, to the boom of minute-guns and the strains of sepulchral music, the multitude uncovered their heads, and in solemn silence tendered their homage to the name which two generations had greatly revered.

The last multitudinous gathering which took place in London streets was on the occasion of the recovery of the Prince of Wales from that protracted and dangerous illness which plunged for a time the entire nation in dismay. This was an especially jubilant occasion, and certainly never were gladness and loyalty more freely or irrepressibly exhibited. All that could be accomplished by persistent activity and unlimited expenditure was spontaneously done, as well by private individuals as by public bodies. The line of route taken by the procession from the palace to St. Paul's was thronged to the utmost by multitudes whose shouts of acclaim rent the air while the whole of the royal household, accompanied by the notables of the land, passed on. The City itself, from Temple Bar to the cathedral, was converted into one continuous avenue, streaming with banners and sparkling with gold and colour, while at the foot of Ludgate Hill rose a marvellous erection, rivalling the imagined structures of a poet's dream. Altogether, the impromptu expression of the popular regard and affection was such as London had never witnessed until that hour, and as is hardly likely to be surpassed at any future ceremony of the kind.

Looking back through the long vista of years, the writer might recall many other occasions on which the masses of London have, with or without invitation, turned into the streets. From the Peace of 1814, which furnished his first experience of a London crowd, down to the present day, he could give some account of most of the multitudinous gatherings; but the details would be somewhat monotonous, and may well be omitted. One or two of such scenes, however, present themselves with peculiar vividness, and seem to be worth a passing record. Thus the spectacle in Hyde Park on the night of the Queen's coronation day was one not often paralleled in the experience of a life. The day was fine throughout; a grand display of fireworks had been promised and much talked about, and a huge, citadel-like enclosure had been erected in the centre of the park, from whence they would be discharged. Early in the afternoon dense crowds congregated round the citadel, eager for good places, and willing to wait until darkness should set in ere their curiosity would be gratified. As evening advanced, the crowd grew and grew, and ere long became so dense, that to those near the centre escape was impossible. Numbers, females especially, who had stood for hours, became faint for want of refreshment, and towards sunset cries for water began to be heard. No water came, but by-and-by there was a rushing movement, and stout fellows were seen forcing their way with packages of provisions and small barrels of beer. They had literally to fight a passage towards the centre, where the need was sorest. They were well paid for their trouble, for they sold beer at half-a-crown a tumbler, and cold boiled beef at nearly its weight in silver—darkness only putting an end to their traffic. The number of the crowd assembled was estimated at about half a million. When the first shower of fire went up skywards, the fierce light shot down upon a shoreless sea of upturned faces, filling the entire space visible, and revealed a spectacle a thousand times more impressive, to the writer, at least, than anything producible by the art of the pyrotechnist: it is no use to attempt to describe such a picture as that was—the reader must imagine it if he can. We remember that the Duke of Wellington had expressed his apprehension of some disaster from the gathering together of so vast a multitude, affirming that it would task the skill of an able general to get a hundred thousand men out of the park, supposing them once in. As it proved, the people got themselves out fairly enough, though they had to take a long time about it; many, ourselves among the number, not reaching a home not two miles distant until just before sunrise.

Another notable street gathering marked that famous tenth of April, 1848. London had suffered a sort of semi-panic on the score of the Chartists, and the great Duke had been taking military precautions against insurrection. Once or twice, when abroad late, we had ourselves met pieces of artillery travelling to the positions assigned them; and it became known later that certain houses standing in the route the Chartists had marked out had been regularly fortified and garrisoned by soldiers. When the day came the City shops were all shut, and the streets were swarming—not with insurrectionists, but with a volunteer host of special constables, made up of all classes of society "from peers to pedlars"—Louis Napoleon, the destined Emperor of France, among them—all armed with truncheons and jovially disposed to knock insur-

rection on the head, should it dare to show its face. As all the world knows, the threatened revolution proved a pitiful fiasco, resulting in nothing more serious than a few cracked coxcombs and bloody noses, and the committal of a handful of would-be rioters to prison. Such a respectable—one might say such a gentlemanly—mob as on that day filled the streets of the City, has rarely been seen.

The most general turn-out of the London population into the streets which the living generation has witnessed was doubtless on the occasion of the commemoration of peace with Russia after the close of the Crimean war. All London then illuminated, and as the night was fine and warm, everybody, everywhere, who could, turned out to see. To prevent accidents from overcrowding, it had been arranged that the grand pyrotechnic displays indispensable on such occasions should be exhibited at several different stations in the town and suburbs, all wide apart, and should come off simultaneously. No better disposition could have been made, and the result was all that could have been desired. The several multitudes, having fair elbow room, were maintained in good-humour, nor did anything like disaster occur at either of the centres of attraction.\*

The ugly side of this subject, independent of accident, fatal or other, can hardly be passed over

\* It was from the want of such wise provision as this that the horrible calamity occurred which gave such a fatal complexion to the marriage of Louis XVI with Marie Antoinette. On that night there were consecutive exhibitions of fireworks in Paris. After one exhibition was over, the mob rushed in crowds towards the spot where the second show awaited them. Pouring through two narrow channels into a third already crowded, they became wedged in a mass, and, being constantly urged on by masses in their rear, they were stifled by the pressure, and, fighting frantically for breath and life, were trodden down by hundreds and slain before efficient assistance could be rendered. Next morning more than twelve hundred dead bodies were collected on less than a rood of ground, and were laid out for recognition by their relatives.

One startling phenomenon cannot fail to be recognised by any one who looks carefully about him when all London is in the street, and that is the sudden advent in public of a class, if class it can be called, of beings never seen at other times. Men, women, and youths of both sexes, of the most degraded and abandoned type; figures clad in the filthiest rags or scarcely clad at all; diseased, defaced, famine-stricken, death-stricken forms, hardly to be looked on without a shudder; squalid apparitions braving for once the common gaze from which it is their natural instinct to seclude themselves. One is shocked at the sight of these wretched phantoms as they meet us unexpectedly, and we turn away from them mechanically, with a sense of repugnance not always mingled with compassion. Thieves, ruffians, burglars, and rascals in hiding take the opportunity, as one might expect, of airing themselves at a time when the police are too much employed to look after them; and, indeed, the plundering tribes generally make a harvest when a popular spectacle is going forward. House robberies are frequent in quiet, retired streets and suburbs, and many a daring foray planned for the occasion is consummated successfully while housekeepers are away sight-seeing. But of all plunderers it is the pickpocket who profits most in an indiscriminate crowd, the proof of which is shown in the number of disembowelled purses strewn on the ground, or dropped down gratings and areas, and only observed after the crowd has dispersed. On taking part in a London crowd, the best plan is to have nothing about you which it would much grieve you to lose. There are hundreds of persons who would endorse this advice, and who are sorry they did not themselves accept it in time to save them from bitter experience.

#### ROBERT BURNS AND WALTER SCOTT.

NO two Scotchmen have done more to make their country known to the world than Burns and Scott. Other men have done more to make Scotland truly great, but these have made her famous in song and story. Burns had been dead many years when Scott's name was first known in literature. But it appears, from the biography of Burns, that Scott, when a lad, had an interview with the poet during the first visit to Edinburgh in the winter of 1786-87. The meeting is described by Robert Chambers, in the second volume of his "Life and Works of Burns."

Walter Scott was at this time a boy of sixteen; but, though condemned to task-work in his father's office, he already possessed the taste and feelings which would have enabled him to appreciate the society of Burns. He had read his poetry, and he ardently desired to see the poet. An opportunity was at length furnished, when Burns came to the house of Dr. Adam Ferguson, whose eldest son (afterwards Sir Adam Ferguson) was Scott's intimate friend and companion. The unaffected description of the meeting which Scott afterwards communicated to Mr. Lockhart is deeply interesting:—"Of course," says he, "we youngsters sat silent, looked, and listened. The only thing I remember which was remarkable in Burns's manner, was the effect produced upon him by a print of Bunbury's, representing a soldier

lying dead on the snow, his dog sitting in misery on one side—on the other his widow, with a child in her arms. These lines were written underneath:—

"Cold on Canadian hills, or Minden's plain,  
Perhaps that parent wept her soldier slain—  
Bent o'er her babe, her eye dissolved in dew,  
The big drops mingling with the milk he drew,  
Gave the sad presage of his future years,  
The child of misery baptized in tears."

Burns seemed much affected by the print, or rather the ideas which it suggested to his mind. He actually shed tears. He asked whose the lines were, and it chanced that nobody but myself remembered that they occur in a half-forgotten poem of Langhorne's, called by the unpromising title of "The Justice of Peace." I whispered my information to a friend present, who mentioned it to Burns, who rewarded me with a look and a word which, though in mere civility, I then received, and still recollect, with great pleasure. His person was strong and robust; his manners rustic, not clownish; a sort of dignified plainness and simplicity, which received part of its effect, perhaps, from one's knowledge of

\* Langhorne wrote "The Country Justice," a poem in three parts, at the request of Richard Burn, Esq., the well-known author of a work on the duties of a Justice of Peace. The dedication to Mr. Burn is dated 1774.

"Burns went about the room looking at the pictures on the walls. A print, by Bunbury, of a dead soldier arrested his attention. He read aloud the lines underneath, but before getting to the end of them his voice faltered, and his eyes filled with tears."





*Reduced facsimile of Bunbury's print.*

"Glad on Canadian heights, or Minster's plain,  
Perhaps that parent wept her soldier slain."

"Burns went about the room looking at the pictures on the walls. A print, by Bunbury, of a dead soldier arrested his attention. He read aloud the lines underneath, but before getting to the end of them his voice faltered, and his eyes filled with tears."

his extraordinary talents. His features are represented in Mr. Nasmyth's picture; but to me it conveys the idea that they are diminished, as if seen in perspective. I think his countenance was more massive than it looks in any of the portraits. I would have taken the poet, had I not known what he was, for a very sagacious country farmer of the old Scotch school; that is, none of your modern agriculturists, who keep labourers for their drudgery, but the *douce guidman* who held his own plough. There was a strong expression of sense and shrewdness in all his lineaments: the eye alone, I think, indicated the poetical character and temperament. It was large, and of a cast which glowed (I say literally glowed) when he spoke with feeling or interest. I never saw such another eye in a human head, though I have seen the most distinguished men of my time. His conversation expressed perfect self-confidence, without the slightest presumption. Among the men who were the most learned of their time and country, he expressed himself with perfect firmness, but without the least intrusive forwardness; and when he differed in opinion, he did not hesitate to express it firmly, yet at the same time with modesty.

I have only to add that his dress corresponded with his manner. He was like a farmer dressed in his best to dine with the laird. I do not speak in *malam partem*, when I say I never saw a man in company with his superiors in station and information more perfectly free from either the reality or the affectation of embarrassment. I was told, but did not observe it, that his address to females was extremely deferential, and always with a turn either to the pathetic or humorous, which engaged their attention particularly. I have heard the Duchess of Gordon remark this."

Sir Adam Ferguson has added some particulars of the visit of Burns to his father's house on this occasion. It was the custom of Dr. Ferguson to have a *conversazione* at his house in the Sheens once a week for his principal literary friends. Professor Stewart on this occasion offered to bring Burns, a proposal to which Dr. Ferguson readily assented. The poet found himself amongst the most brilliant literary society which Edinburgh then afforded. Sir Adam thinks that Black, Hutton, and John Home were amongst those present. He had himself brought his young friend Walter Scott, as yet unnoted by his seniors. Burns seemed at first little inclined to mingle easily in the company; he went about the room, looking at the pictures on the walls. The print described by Scott arrested his attention; he read aloud the lines underneath, but before getting to the end of them his voice faltered, and his big black eye filled with tears. A little after, he turned with much interest to the company, pointed to the picture, and with some eagerness asked if any one could tell him who had written those affecting lines. The philosophers were silent; no one knew: but, after a decent interval, the pale, lame boy near by said, in a negligent manner, "They're written by one Langhorne." An explanation of the place where they occur followed, and Burns fixed a look of half-serious interest on the youth, while he said, "You'll be a man yet, sir." Scott may be said to have derived literary ordination from Burns.

Scott relates elsewhere that the house of Dr. Ferguson, "while he continued to reside in Edinburgh, was a general point of reunion among his friends. At the hospitable dinner-table, the most distinguished

*literati* of the old time generally met, along with such young persons as were thought worthy to approach their circle and listen to their conversation. The place of his residence was an insulated house at some distance from the town, which its visitors (notwithstanding its internal comforts) chose to call, for that reason, Kamtschatka" ("Quarterly Review," xxxvi. 197). This house forms part of a street called the Sheens, from its proximity to the remains of an ancient monastery dedicated to St. Catherine of Sienna. It stands at the south end of the street, on the east side, with its gable facing along a lane. It was in this house, in a room upstairs, now used as a bedroom, that Burns met Scott.

The copy of the print which so greatly affected Burns remained in its original state in the possession of Sir Adam Ferguson.\* Somewhat oddly, the name "Langhorne" is quoted at the bottom of the lines, but in so small a character that the poet might well fail to read it.

#### AN INDIAN PICTURE-LETTER.

AT Fort Marion, St. Augustine, Florida, are about sixty-five representatives of the Cheyenne, Kiowa, Comanche, and Arapahoe tribes of North American Indians. They were selected as among the worst specimens of the wild, cruel Indians of the far west. Through the influence of judicious discipline and Christian kindness they have become industrious and tractable, creditably advanced in military training, able to read and to write, and, in some instances, unmistakable Christian converts. Only two years ago they came to Florida as prisoners convicted of the grossest outrages and murders. They entered St. Augustine clad only in their blankets, their bodies still covered with hideous war-paint, and their eyes glittering with hate. Chained hand and foot, like so many wild beasts, and expecting immediate execution, their fear and fury could find vent only in savage yells. At the *dépôt* they refused to be moved, and were carried by main force to the fort.

Last February and March, I had the pleasure of often visiting Fort Marion and its Indian inmates. What did I find? A military company neatly dressed in United States uniform, with hair cut and brushed, nails cleaned, manners respectful, and faces more or less intelligent. In the morning there were three or four schoolrooms filled with earnest learners who watched every motion of their teacher's lips and eyes with an absorbed interest that even the presence of strangers could not interrupt, who read whole chapters from the New Testament in unison and sang in harmony many of Moody and Sankey's hymns. There were bakers whose shapely loaves were white and light, and carpenters who made their own benches and bunks. Their quarters were clean and orderly, and it was the unanimous verdict of the citizens of St. Augustine that it would be pleasanter to meet on a dark night a party of the Indian prisoners from the

\* Whether this picture is still in existence we are not aware. Sir Adam emigrated to Canada forty years ago. No copy of Bunbury's print is in the British Museum, and it was only after long search that one copy could be obtained, from which our engraving is taken. The possessor found it at Swansea, and, as it is so rare, as well as associated with so interesting a biographical incident, he intends to present it to the Royal Institution, Edinburgh. As a work of art it is not very notable. It was its sadly suggestive subject that arrested the attention of Robert Burns.

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fort than a delegation of the average white soldier from the neighbouring barracks.

What had wrought this wondrous change? It is not too much to say that it is almost entirely due to the untiring devotion of Captain R. H. Pratt, who was sent east in command of them, and who has sole charge at the fort, having from time to time dismissed the guards, at first so necessary, supplying their places with the best behaved among his prisoners, until now they furnish their own sentinels, corporals, and sergeants, with only the one "White Chief," whom they love and reverence, at their head. He has been aided by a few noble Christian women who

labours which we lavish on heathen distant and unknown, or shall we continue to stamp them as wild beasts and prolong the popular cry of extermination?

The Creeks, the Cherokees, and the Choctaws have proved that the civilisation experiment is not a failure. Why not give the same opportunity to the Comanches, the Kiowas, even the bloody Sioux? It is Lieutenant Pratt's firm belief, based upon his recent wonderful success, that if Government would grant to the tribes now called hostile the same privileges and endowments which forty years ago were conferred upon their dusky brethren, an equal lapse



LETTER SENT TO AN INDIAN CHIEF BY HIS WIFE.

have volunteered their services as teachers two or three hours daily. Lieutenant Pratt is an earnest Christian gentleman, who believes the American Indian to be a human being, capable of civilisation, and presenting a desirable field for missionary labour.

What if, instead of the dreaded war-whoop, and news of fearful massacre, and the sudden cutting down of the flower of the army, and the continual trembling of women and children on the frontiers, and a great war debt to be wrung from lank pockets in hard times, the next generation might be witnesses of peaceful reservations for every tribe, of Indian schools and churches where the memory of scalps and war-paint is for ever wiped out, of Indian regiments thoroughly trained and worthy of trust as guardians of the peace among the western wilds, of a war-debt replaced by an educational or civilisation fund, and an end for ever to the treacherous spilling of the bravest American blood? In a word, a nation whose right to these lands of the new continent is prior to our own, a people whom this recent experiment has proved to be susceptible to kindness and responsive to Christian teaching. Shall we recognise them as men and women, and for the sake of God, humanity, and our country's welfare offer them the missionary

of time, with a judicious management of detail, would witness similar results. Let all good people pray for "a consummation so devoutly to be wished."

It is my good fortune to possess an original letter sent in June, 1876, to Minimic, a Cheyenne chief at Fort Marion, by his squaw in Indian territory. It affords an admirable specimen of Indian picture-writing of which so few examples are extant. The address is at the right, and includes (1) Minimic or Eagle Head, (2) Howling Wolf, his son, and (3) Making-Medicine. The symbol for the last-named is a wigwam with sticks placed horizontally at the apex, the cabalistic sign by which a "medicine-man's" hut is distinguished. Minimic is informed that his son (5), Buffalo Head, desires to come to him, but is held back by his mother (4), Shooting Buffalo. The olive branch in his hand conveys assurance of his love. Minimic's daughter (6), Flying Dove, and her young child, Arrow, join in the greeting; also his daughter (7), Big Turtle, the belle of the tribe, an Indian beauty with "hair seventeen hands long," as the proud father informed us in his pantomimic way. Curly Head (8), wife of Howling Wolf, has a young child, Little Turtle, named after his handsome aunt. Running Water (9) is the daughter of Minimic by



another squaw, Shield (12), whom he afterward repudiated, or, in his own expressive words, "threw away." With a shade of disgust on his usually placid face, the old chief pointed to the picture of her grave and ejaculated, "That squaw no good; too much talk!" Shield's daughter, White Feather (13), is buried by her side, and the frequent tracks about their grave show that Running Water—whose attitude also betokens grief—goes often there to weep, though the single track which leads to the spot shows that she goes alone. Making-Medicine's two wives (10, 11) with his children go together to mourn at the grave of his dead child, exhibiting a state of harmony between his squaws which must be very gratifying to the feelings of an absent husband.

Thus it will be seen that this letter conveys intelligence of three births, two of them males, as the faces are painted red; gives the names of the little ones; reports the ability to walk of Making-Medicine's oldest child, as her little tracks accompany the others to her sister's grave; announces three deaths and the honours paid to the memory of the lost ones; gives assurance of the good health of the remaining parties represented; mentions particularly Buffalo Head's desire to greet his father; and, every face being turned in that direction, expresses a general desire on the part of the writers to see the distant prisoners.

Florida.

J. D. S.\*

#### A REMINISCENCE OF THE CAXTON EXHIBITION.

WE trust that not a few of our readers seized the opportunity of visiting the Caxton Exhibition, and have seen how the art of printing has gradually grown up from the primitive essays of Caxton to what it is at the present time. The implements of the earliest English printers have long disappeared, and as to the actual materials they used, we can judge of them only, save in a very few trifling instances, by the work produced by their means. The types, presses, machines, etc., brought together in the late exhibition were for the most part illustrative of the progress of printing during the present century—the previous history of the art, however, being recorded for whoever had the desire to peruse it in the abounding and curious collection of the most remarkable achievements of typography and its kindred processes throughout the long period that has elapsed since the printing-press was first set up in England. The mass of the material of our existing printing-offices is the invention of the moderns, and the larger portion of it dates from a period within the memory of living persons. The sole relic of the past which may be supposed to be still in use for producing impressions from types, was the wooden press of the Dutchman Blaew, which, in some old offices, is still used as a proof-press, and perhaps owes its preservation to the fact that at such a press Benjamin Franklin once earned his living.

The methods of producing an impression from types or engraved blocks are many. The oldest impressions now in existence seem to have been produced by stamping as with a seal; other impressions almost as old were produced by rubbing, of

which some examples were shown in the exhibition. It is by rubbing that the Chinese printers have always got their impressions, and by the same means our wood engravers take their proof impressions from blocks. The first letterpress printers employed the power of the screw, obtaining proofs by mere dead pressure; then Blaew's press, also a screw press, gave an elastic pressure by means of scabbards (a kind of thick shavings of wood), which acted the part of a spring. About the year 1800 Earl Stanhope produced his iron press, giving a far more powerful pressure by levers. Iron presses of various descriptions followed, made, most of them, at half the cost of the Stanhope, or even less, but few of them held their ground for many years. Then came the Albion press and the Columbian, both excellent contrivances, which are likely to endure as long as presses shall be used at all, which may not be many years longer. But pending the introduction of the new inventions, there was a simple machine in use among the printers of ballads and last dying speeches, and other cheap printers, known as the bellows press, from its great resemblance in shape to a pair of bellows. The power employed in this case was very like that exercised by a pair of nut-crackers in cracking a nut, the forme of types being placed, as it were, between the jaws of a huge pair of nippers, and said jaws being forced tightly together by a lever pressed down by the foot of the operator, who bore upon it with his full weight. The last time we saw this queer press at work was in the year 1820, when a troupe of strolling players came to Tewkesbury, where we then resided, and having brought their printing-office with them in a wheelbarrow, printed off their bills (three-fourths of a yard in length) in the face of the public, who crowded to watch the business, and carried off the impressions as fast as they were produced, thus circulating them for the manager gratis. We confess to some small disappointment at not seeing once more at Kensington the face of our old friend, the bellows press.

Our limits will only allow of a passing reference to the numerous printing machines which were open to inspection, several of them being in constant work. It would take a thick volume to describe them even briefly, and no description would be of half the value of the sight of them, but for a short time, in full action. One may stand for hours watching the wriggling of a cotton-spinning machine, or the intricate dance of a Nottingham lace-making machine, and come away no wiser for the expenditure of time; but no man with a mechanical bias, or with ordinary intelligence, can attentively observe the action of a printing machine, even for a few minutes, without obtaining something like an accurate notion of what it is doing and how it does it. This remark is not applicable to the composing and distributing machines, which are certainly marvels of ingenuity, but still, it seems to us, wanting in the simplicity which should commend them to general use. The type-casting machine is another modern marvel of skill, but is a mystery to the uninitiated onlooker. Of other machines one of the most useful and ingenious is certainly the folding machine, by which printed sheets are folded ready for the binder. If the contriver of the folding machine, or any one else, can invent a machine which will supersede the present wearisome mode of sewing the sheets together, his triumph will be complete, and there is a fortune for him. There was one other machine exhibited

\* Principal Dawson, of Montreal, in a paper on North American Myths, in the "Leisure Hour" for August, 1876, gives specimens of picture-writing in prehistoric times preserved on rocks in various places.

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which, had we met with it thirty years ago, we should certainly have got possession of by some means or other, and that was the type-writer, by means of which the most awkward cacographist may record his ideas in a fair running hand faster than the readiest writer that ever drove a quill.

The improvement in music-printing, if it did not keep pace with that of ordinary letterpress, has at least within the last few decades pretty well overtaken it. The specimens of printed music were most interesting and instructive, and so numerous as we should imagine to comprehend every step forward through the space of some four centuries; with one exception, for which we cannot account, seeing that the process, all mention of which has been omitted, was most elegant and perfect in its results, though it is likely that it did not prove pecuniarily profitable. By this unrecorded process, music was printed at a Stanhope or Albion press by a double impression—that is, the forme consisted of two pages of musical notes without the staves, and corresponding pages of staves without the notes. After the first impression was taken the sheet was not removed from the tympan, but the position of the tympan, which revolved on a central pivot, was reversed, so that, the forme being re-linked, the pages of music notes came down on the type staves, and the pages of staves on the notes, and one side of the sheet of music was thus completed by the second impression. We saw this process in operation at the office of Messrs. Clowes, in Duke Street, Stamford Street, in the year 1835, and we have some few of the songs thus printed still in our possession. The notes are large and of a graceful oval shape, not unlike those of ruby No. 2, of Messrs. Henderson and Co., and the staves being continuous, like those of copper-plate music, that ragged appearance was avoided which is inseparable from all music printed with moveable types.\*

The most pleasing part of the exhibition, and the most astonishing when calmly considered, was that comprised in Class G, under the rather inadequate title of Book Illustrations. Here were displayed, in the long upper room, a collection of engravings comprising specimens of the art from its earliest origin down to the present time. The gradual progress of wood-engraving, as being most closely connected with letterpress printing, was doubtless most attractive to practical printers; and here it could be studied under advantages which have never before been available. The same may be said with regard to lithography, which of late years has taken to rivalling the products both of the letterpress and copper-plate printer, its increased facilities for production being largely owing to inventions paraphrased, so to speak, from the letterpress printing machines. And connected with lithography are the processes of chromotype and the various methods of colour-printing in all its branches, from the execution of simple patterns in tints to the achievement of admirable copies—one might almost call them fac-similes—of paintings in oil or water-colours. Some of the examples exhibited by Mr. Whympers, by Marcus Ward, and notably those by Mr. Hanhart, were exquisite, and showed perhaps more than anything else the astounding advance made within the last quarter of a century—an ad-

vance which may be fairly said to have ranked printing with the fine arts. We looked in vain, however, for some of Mr. Waterlow's performances, which have for years stood foremost among the productions of English chromotypists, and which being in a manner *sui generis*, would have added materially to the interest of the collection.

We must pass over much which was both interesting and suggestive in this brief retrospect, our space being but limited, and proceed to enumerate some few of the remarkable curiosities with which the exhibition was enriched. Among the earliest books printed in this country there was Caxton's "Dictes and Sayings," which reposed on a velvet cushion under a glass case, occupying the place of honour as the first book of Caxton's which bore his imprint—dated 1477. Among the Scriptures and Liturgies was the first New Testament in Greek with the Latin of Erasmus—1516; also Coverdale's Bible in English—1535; the first standard version of the English Bible—1611; the "wicked Bible," in which the negative is omitted from the seventh commandment—1631; Wycliffe's Bible, with those of Cranmer, Tyndale, and others preceding the standard version. Among the "Rare Specimens" was the famous copy of the Decameron of Boccaccio, which was once sold by auction for £2,260, the largest sum ever paid for a single volume; also the first edition of Shakespeare's works, printed in 1623; and Milton's "Comus," the first of his productions—1637. Not the least remarkable among the curiosities of printing were the copies of the first newspapers, dating some two hundred years back, one of them being a copy of the first illustrated newspaper, the "Mercurius Civicus," which appeared in 1643, and contained portraits of King Charles I, his queen, and Prince Maurice. If, however, this was the first illustrated news, we suspect it was the only one that was ever "systematically illustrated" until within the last fifty years. Almost the first pictures that appeared in a newspaper in this century were three or four woodcuts representing the scenes of the Thurtell and Weare murder, which took place in the year 1823. After that wood-engravings appeared occasionally in the London journals; but the idea of supplementing narrative by pictorial illustrations "systematically" originated and was carried out for the first time by Messrs. Ingram and Evans about forty years ago.

We regret not finding among the curiosities of printing some examples of the very clever and tasteful designs of Mr. Hazard, of Bath, which were produced about the close of the last century, and were printed for private circulation. They filled a demy octavo volume of some two hundred leaves, printed only on one side, each of the designs filling a page. They were most various in character, representing vases, flower-stands, picture-frames, or oval mirror-frames, architectural ornaments, etc., etc., all built up of the very minute and fanciful types which it was the fashion of the day to use as borders to address cards or assembly tickets, or for the composition of initial or finial ornaments. Such things are gone out of use now, but the last-century type-founders' specimen-books abound in them. Of these Mr. Hazard made an artistic use, some of his designs being remarkably graceful, with a kind of gauzy, feathery lightness. We ought to have the volume in our possession, but it has vanished unaccountably, to our regret. Copies might perhaps be discovered were diligent search made for them.

\* Through the invention of the paper process of stereotyping it would be easy to print music resembling that produced by the above plan at one impression. The music types might be "composed" without staves, the page "papered," and the staves, by a simple and very obvious process, impressed on the paper mould while it was soft. A cast from such a mould would then be ready for press.

English printers have shown extraordinary energy and extraordinary talent in the production of all kinds of printing material—paper, types, wood-engravings, presses, and machines, and they produce more printed matter than any nation in the world. We should much like to add that they print better than any other people, or at least that they print as well; but the truth is—and we ought not to shrink from the truth—that they are far behind the French and German printers in the performance of really first-class work. One reason is that they print too fast, and care more for making money than for doing their work in the best manner. Another reason is that they choose their type on the same principle as the Vicar of Wakefield's wife chose her wedding-dress—for qualities of endurance rather than for beauty. And a third reason is that the ink in general use is objectionable, being compounded on a basis of lampblack, which is much cheaper than indigo, which is the basis of the best ink used by continental printers. And lastly, the generality of English printers apply the ink they use in a slovenly manner—that is, to save time or trouble, they spread more on the surface of the type than the paper can take up, and thus insure the frequent recurrence of clogged impressions. The best of possible printing

will never be produced until there is a reform in the direction of care and deliberateness. If any reader questions the justice of these remarks, we would ask him to compare the folio edition of Mame's "*Histoire de Touraine*," printed nearly thirty years ago, or the works of Bernardin St. Pierre, printed by Curmer in Paris in 1838, with anything that has ever yet proceeded from an English press. Again, we should like him to look at the best Austrian printing, and to compare the "rule-work" of the German printers with any English work of the same class.

We are glad to hear that the Caxton Exhibition has succeeded in its twofold object of making the history of printing more widely known, and of supplementing the funds of the Printers' Pension Society. In conclusion, we would recommend brother typesetters to preserve their catalogues. The book, looking to the troublesome nature of the work, has been carefully and well got up, though it is not entirely free from errors. It will be a long time before the next Caxton centenary comes, and perhaps not an eye that will see it has yet looked on the light. In the meanwhile the catalogue, if not a history of printing in itself, offers excellent *Memoires pour servir* whenever a competent history shall be written.



**S**edechias Was the first Philosophie by Whoom  
throughe the Wil and pleser of oure lord god  
Sapience Was vnderstande and labes recy-  
ued; . Whiche Sedechias saide that every crea-  
ture of good beleue ought to haue in hym sixtene vertues  
¶ The first vertue is to drede and knowe god and his  
angellys ¶ The seconde vertue is to haue discrecion to dis-  
cerne the goode from the badde and to vse vertu and fle  
vices ¶ The thirde vertue is to obeye the kynges or princes

SPECIMEN OF CAXTON TYPE FROM THE FACSIMILE "DICTES."

A project is afoot to have a permanent exhibition of all matters relating to the art of printing. If this should be carried out the benefits would be great for educational purposes; and especially for the instruction as well as recreation of those connected with every branch of the trade. But there is never likely again to be a display of antiquarian treasures such as the exhibition of 1877 afforded.

In two small cases, placed together, were two of the greatest treasures. The first was "*The Recuyell of the Histories of Troye*," translated 1469-71, and believed to have been published at Bruges in 1474, and the first book printed in the English language. The catalogue informs us that this copy has the autograph of Elizabeth Grey, Queen of Edward IV, and cost one thousand guineas at the Roxburghe sale in 1812. In the adjoining case was the book which the committee call "the foundation-stone of the present celebration," "*The Dictes and Notable Wise Sayings of the Philosophers*. First edition. Without Colophon. Emprynted by me, Wylliam Caxton, at West-

mestre, 1477." This folio was lent by S. Christie Miller, Esq. It is of this volume that Mr. Stock has published his *facsimile* edition, by means of which, after the dispersion of this the richest collection of "Caxtons," we shall be able to examine the many admirable features of the Caxton type with a satisfaction second only to that of scrutinising an original, free also from the anxiety inseparable from owning or borrowing such a treasure.

In another book, "*Speculum vitæ Christi*" (Caxton, circa 1490), there professed to be a portrait of the first English printer, along with his well-known trade mark, 1 WC 4; but a second glance discovered this portrait to be an invented one pasted into the book. Every portrait of Caxton is imaginary, as was stated by Sir Charles Reed in his introductory address, when he fitly added, "*Si monumentum requiris circumspecte!*"

The Caxton volumes on view were estimated to be worth £150,000; and the other old books probably the same sum.



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## Varieties.

**CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE.**—In the recent discussions as to the proper site for the Egyptian obelisk, it was not mentioned that in 1863, when the design for the Albert Memorial was yet unsettled, one proposal was to erect the obelisk where the Gothic cross now stands. As the "Athenaeum" of the day expressed it (April 18, 1863, No. 1851), "every one felt that to remove the great needle from the banks of the Nile and set it up in Hyde Park would be a mistake."

**VALUE OF LAND IN RURAL ENGLAND.**—In the churchyard of Claverdon, a village in Warwickshire, is a monument to one John Mathews, who died in the reign of Henry VIII, leaving land in the parish in trust to defray the cost of necessary repairs or enlargement of Claverdon Church. From time to time the rental of the estate has been inscribed on one side of the monument. It is a pity that there are such long gaps in the record, but, imperfect as it is, this table is of great interest as showing the rise that has taken place in the value of land in the last two-and-a-half centuries. It must be remembered that a noble is one-third of a pound sterling. The table is as follows:—

1617	.	.	.	12 nobles.
1707	.	.	.	£12
1825	.	.	.	£78
1868	.	.	.	£130

**LABOUR IN AMERICA.**—Mr. Conolly, writing to the "Times" from St. Louis, says:—One-fourth at least of the working population here are unemployed, and thousands of idle men are constantly tramping the country plundering or begging for bread. There is no industry in America prosperous just now, except agriculture. Trade failures are so frequent that they attract little notice, while in regular succession banking institutions crash and insurance bubbles burst. Property has everywhere depreciated in value full 25 per cent., and I noticed lately in a Philadelphia paper that more than 20,000 houses are to be let or sold in that city. Vicious legislation, promoted by rings for their own especial benefit, destroyed the once fine mercantile marine of America and ruined her foreign trade. And while her rich domains are unpeopled, the towns and cities are filled with struggling poor, who were induced to settle in those places by nominal high wages, paid in a depreciated currency, which a prohibitory tariff enabled manufacturers for a time to pay at the expense of the agriculturists. And those works and factories are now so far extended beyond the requirements of trade that one-half of them are comparatively idle and the surplus hands are unable to find employment at any price. They cannot be induced to go and settle on the lands even those that possess the means of going to them; they have become so accustomed to town life, they prefer to live on as best they can from day to day, expecting some political change will bring about better times. The coal and iron trades are in a deplorable condition. The miners are frequently on the brink of starvation. Half their time is spent on strike for one grievance or another, and at present they are in open insurrection in the coal regions of Pennsylvania, and five or six thousand Militia and Regulars are assembled there to prevent rioting and the destruction of property. At best the coal trade here is not so very extensive. In round numbers only 47½ million tons were taken out in 1875, while in Great Britain during the same year 132 million tons were raised. In the iron districts one-half the blast furnaces are blown out, and numbers of rolling mills are shut down, and scarcely one-fourth of the capital in the trade is at present productive. Last year about 2,000,000 tons of pig iron were manufactured in the United States. About the same amount of rolled iron, and 412,461 tons of Bessemer steel rails; while, in 1875, Great Britain made over 6,000,000 tons of pig iron and 700,000 tons of steel rails, and shipped about 2½ million tons of manufactured steel and iron to foreign countries. Last year she built 719 sailing-ships and 348 steamers, with 473,498 aggregate tonnage; while in all the ports of America only 25 steamers of 21,346 tons aggregate were built. I think from these figures, coupled with the fact that Great Britain does half the coal and iron trade of the world, it is pretty clear that old England has still "some work to do." The railway interest is no better than the coal and iron, and I do not see how it can be otherwise when we find that this country, with something

over 40,000,000 of population, has 77,514 miles of railroad, with thousands of miles running through States and Territories very sparsely peopled, while Great Britain and Ireland, with a population close on 35,000,000, has scarcely 17,000 miles, and, although the English railways have more than twice the traffic mile for mile, they are only a paying property.

**RAILWAY ACCIDENTS.**—The total number of persons returned to the Board of Trade as having been killed on all the railways during 1876 was 1,245, and the number of injured was 4,724. Of these, 139 persons killed and 1,833 persons injured were passengers. Of the remainder, 673 killed and 2,600 injured were officers or servants of the railway companies or contractors; and 433 killed and 241 injured were trespassers or suicides, or others who had met with accidents at level crossings, or from miscellaneous causes. Of the passengers, according to the returns made to the Board of Trade, 38 were killed and 1,297 were injured from causes beyond their own control. The total number of passenger journeys, exclusive of journeys by season-ticket holders, was 538,287,295, or about 31,000,000 more than in the previous year. Calculating on this estimate, the proportions of passengers killed and injured in 1876 from all causes were in round numbers one in 3,872,570 killed and one in 235,867 injured. In 1875 the proportions were one in 3,783,600 killed and one in 280,300 injured. The officers and servants of railway companies, according to Lord Aberdeen's return presented to Parliament in the autumn of 1874, amounted at the end of 1873 to 274,535. Assuming them to amount now to 280,000, there have, during the past year, in proportion to the total number employed, been killed from all causes about one in 416, and killed or injured one in 86. The proportions of passengers returned as killed and injured from causes beyond their own control were, in 1876, one in 14,165,455 killed (or, including the journeys of season-ticket holders, one in 17,000,000), and one in 488,908 injured. In 1875 the proportions were one in 23,823,500 killed, and one in 418,300 injured. In 1874 the proportions were one in 5,556,284 killed and one in 296,243 injured. Thus the proportion of passengers killed from causes beyond their own control during 1876 shows an increase, when compared with that of the year 1875, but a decrease when compared with that of the year 1874.

**THE "CLERGY LIST" REVISED AND CLASSIFIED.**—The process of extracting sunbeams from cucumbers was, we believe, attempted at Laputa, though with indifferent success; but the at least equally difficult feat of making a "comedy" out of the "Clergy List" has been triumphantly performed at Shipston-on-Stour. Here, under the unassuming title of "The Clergy List Revised and Classified," a young lady has produced the most entertaining *brochure* we have met with for many a day. To Shakespeare's question, "What's in a name?" she replies by showing us that a very great deal may be made out of the names of the clergy when subjected to her clever manipulations. Thus she analyses their "Colours," and finds there are 70 White to 4 Black, and 2 Blacker; only 4 Blush (not a tinge of what we should have expected), though 3 are Pink and 2 Scarlet; 64 are Green and 76 are Brown. There are 2 Ushers and 19 Birches to 11 miserable Boys; 2 Flints to 8 Steel. Under Anatomy we find 4 Bodies, though with only 3 Heads; there is, however, 1 additional Pate; 11 Temples have only 2 Hairs and 1 Lovelock; there is 1 Boni-face, but with only 4 Teeth (N.B. Mr. Tooth, of Hatcham, is one of these); 3 Bones to 4 Backs; 1 Heel to 5 Feet, 5 Hands and 3 Legs. Only a solitary cleric has any Blood in his veins. All must admit that the "Parties in the Church" are very unfairly represented by their names, for we find only 1 Broad, 2 Low, and 4 Dry. Of High, there is not a trace! But we get an inkling of what is going on when we learn that there are already no fewer than 14 Abbots, 7 Priors, 4 Monks, and 8 Nuns. Their dresses and decorations are also calculated to excite uneasiness, for Hoods and Capes abound, while there are also 9 Garlands, 2 Banners, 3 Images, 12 Crosses, 1 Crucifix, and 1 Crozier (among 12 Bishops). In the musical department we have Singers and Fiddlers in abundance. Although it is unlawful for the clergy to embark in "Trade," we find a prodigious number of Bakers, Butchers, Barbers, Taylors (no fewer than 107 of these, but not one too many, considering the amount of tailoring now required), etc. etc. In the column devoted to "Useful Clergy," we find



Pitchers, Potts, Canns, etc. etc. The Kings, of whom there are 38, outnumber the Knights by nearly 2 to 1. The "Qualities of the Clergy" open a very wide field. Here we find both Old and Young; some are Bright, others Moody, 5 are Blind, and 2 Cross, 6 are in Bliss and 6 in Pain, 11 have not ceased to Hope, but there are 4 Crokers, of whom our fair authoress takes no account. There are also 3 Guys and 1 Bogle, 1 Wildman and 1 Wiseman. The Clerical Aviary is very well furnished, for there are 2 Crows, 9 Ravens, 1 Daw, 5 Rooks, 1 Jay, 1 Nightingale, 1 Gull, 1 Bunting, 1 Robin (to 3 Wrens), 5 Sparrows, 6 Finches, 28 Martins, 1 Swallow, 2 Doves, 3 Eagles, 3 Falcons, 1 Hawke, 1 Stork, and 2 Parrots. There are many other birds in the clerical poultry-yard or game-larder, but these find a more appropriate place with "The Clergy at Table," for whom a most liberal provision is made. Under this head—we begin of course with the Fish—we have 5 Salmon, 3 Haddocks, 2 Herrings, 2 Smelts, 4 Cods, 5 Whiting, 1 Grayling, 1 Pike, 3 Roach, and 2 Crabbes. For *pieces de résistance* we have 16 Bullocks, 7 Kiddles, 2 Veales (with 8 Bacon, 3 Tongues, and 2 Badhams), 3 Lambs, 14 Harts, 1 Stag, 3 Bucks, 1 Doe, 9 Roes, 7 Hinds, 2 Fawns, and 1 Eland. For Game and Poultry we have 7 Hares, 2 Rabbits, 1 Cock, 1 Henn, 1 Duck, 20 Drakes, 1 Gander, 3 Goslings, 6 Swans, 4 Peacocks, 4 Partridges, 7 Woodcocks, 1 Coote, 1 Teal, 2 Cranes, and 1 Heron. The supply of vegetables is very scanty, being limited to 2 Beans and 1 Onion. The clergy are not generally fond of made dishes, and accordingly we find only 2 Curries. The supply of sweets is more liberal, and includes 4 Pyes, 11 Rice (puddings, we presume), 2 Jellies, 3 Moulds, and 1 Cake-bread. For condiments we have 2 Pickles, 7 Salt, 1 Mustard, and 1 Pepper. For dessert there are provided 3 Peaches, 8 Pears, 1 Orange, 1 Sweet-apple, and 8 Nuts. Nor is the cellar department to be despised, for there are 3 Binns, in which are stored a dozen and a half of Perry, the same quantity of Hollands, 1 of Ginn, 1 of Port, and 1 of New-port. On the whole we trust the "Abbots" and "Priors" and "Monks" who have settled in our Church will have no cause to complain of the want of good cheer. The above may suffice to give a sample—and it is *only* a sample—of the quality of the fare which Miss E. G. P. has so kindly provided for our entertainment.—*The Rock*.

DR. SCHLIEMANN'S DISCOVERIES.—We have given a full account (pp. 423, 440) of Dr. Schliemann's explorations at Troy and at Mycenæ, and his own report of his discoveries. It must not be supposed that the importance of these are universally admitted, as may be seen by the following extracts from a letter in the "Times," from Dr. William Simpson, the well-known traveller and artist:—"If any one takes an interest in the subject, and will refer to the pages of 'Troy and its Remains,' which the Doctor himself gives—that is, pp. 302-3-6, where he comes to the decisive conclusion that it is Priam's Palace he has discovered—they will find that this momentous result, which would affect so many questions, both literary and archaeological, is asserted without a vestige of proof. With the exception of a reference to some remains of pottery, he has no evidence to show for his selection beyond the statement that it is 'the grandest building' among a number, where, to other eyes, an Irish cabin would be conspicuous beside it for its architecture. Before announcing such a startling declaration, one would have expected that some decisive discovery would be cited as a basis, or that an able analysis of details pointing to an inevitable result, would be placed before the reader, or something would be given which might lead even to the probability of the point desired. No; nothing of the kind will be found. The matter is simply solved by his saying, 'I now venture positively to assert that the great double gate which I have brought to light must necessarily be the Sæcan Gate' (p. 303); and again, 'The site of this building, upon an artificial elevation directly above the gate, together with its solid structure, leaves no doubt that it was the grandest building in Troy—nay, that it must have been the PALACE OF PRIAM' (pp. 305, 306). The capital letters are not mine. Now, with regard to the pottery, I will take Mr. C. T. Newton as my guide, he being one of Dr. Schliemann's friends; but any one who has studied the subject will bear out the same tale. The cases of Greek pottery in the British Museum which are under Mr. Newton's charge are dated up to 700 B.C. Beyond that no authoritative dates can be given to any fragment of fictile ware. That leaves a hiatus of 500 or 600 years to the Trojan era, utterly demolishing the possibility of fixing the date by that means of any monument belonging to the time of Priam. Such being the case, one may well ask, what will be the evidence, eloquent, crushing, or otherwise, of the Trojan pottery which is to be exhibited in South Kensington? Dr. Schliemann's success as an explorer needs no compliment, and it would be idle to dispute his claim to honour on

this head; but there is a marked peculiarity which belongs to his finds. He will not unearth anything that belongs to this friend of his called 'Smith.' The gold articles which turn up always belong to the king of the place. It would be a harmless amusement if the joke ended here; but he makes the whole topography of the locality fit into the imaginary discovery, and it is given forth to the world under the scientific name of archæology. Here is the explanation how it comes that so many doubts exist among those who happen to know something of the doings of this remarkable excavator. What he did at Hissarlik he has again repeated at Mycenæ. It was not 'Smith's' buttons which he found there; oh, no; that is not his style. They were King Agamemnon's, the great chief of the place; and I suppose he will claim the right of calling them Agamemnon's buttons till some one proves them to have belonged to 'Smith.' Here, again, as at Troy, I do not hesitate to say that he has arranged the whole archæology of Mycenæ to make it fit into the theory that the tombs were those of Agamemnon and his companions."

JOHN LOCKE AND BUNHILL FIELDS.—An American visitor having complained of the desecration of Bunhill Fields burial-ground, and the indignity suffered by the tomb of John Locke, Sir Charles Reed writes:—"Bishop Fallows must go further than Bunhill Fields to see the tomb of John Locke. Whatever remains of him lies beneath a slope on the sunny side of the old parish church of High Laver, where, at his own request, his faithful friend Lady Masham interred him, inscribing upon the stone Locke's own beautiful epitaph—'Siste viator; hic juxta situs est, Johannes Locke,' etc. The Locke buried in Bunhill Fields was interred at least one hundred and thirty years after the death of John Locke, as the inscription shows. Bishop Fallows must remember that Bunhill Fields is an open space, in a densely crowded part of our city, and the children he found were the poor children of our elementary schools, who can get no farther from home to enjoy their summer holiday. I visit the ground frequently, and I must say I never found scenes such as he describes in the 'Times.' The Corporation of London have this place under their charge; proper officers are always on the spot; and though on public holidays crowds may assemble, very little damage is done to the tombstones or the shrubs. As chairman of the Bunhill Fields Preservation Committee (1867), I request your permission to offer this reply to the protest of our American visitor."

DOGS.—The Postmaster-General, in his report laid before Parliament, has to say that the local postmaster in a large town in the north of England states that twenty per cent. of his men were bitten by dogs in the past year, 1876—one man in five. Then the Registrar-General in his annual report, issued this year and also presented to Parliament, shows that in 1875, the latest year for which detailed returns are completed, forty-seven persons were killed by hydrophobia in England, and 334 persons in the ten years ending with 1875. A Parliamentary return of last session tells us that in the year ending with May last, 973 sheep and lambs were killed by dogs in ten of the counties of Scotland, and in most cases the owners of the dogs could not be discovered. Dogs also bring us into temptation, for another Parliamentary return informs us that in 1876 the 5s. dog-tax was paid on only 1,209,490 dogs in England, or one to twenty of the population, and the ratio in Scotland was still lower; and the Inland Revenue report assures Parliament that this tax is "enormously evaded."

WHIRLWIND OF NARROW GAUGE.—The Rev. E. L. Pearson, Vicar of Little Abington, has recorded his observation of a remarkable whirlwind. It occurred in that neighbourhood on the 11th of September. "The afternoon was stormy, with heavy rain, but the force of the wind was not unusually great, except at one particular spot, about midway between Linton and Abington; here the whirlwind, in the course of about two hundred yards, rent large branches from some trees and uprooted others, and in all some half-dozen full-grown oak-trees, elm-trees, and ash-trees, besides thorn-bushes, were either blown down or seriously injured. The storm extending perhaps twenty yards in width, took a tortuous course, leaving other trees right and left uninjured, and '*vires acquirunt evendo*,' for, just at the termination of its course, it not only uprooted a fine oak which now lies flat on the ground, but also twisted the large upper branches in a most extraordinary fashion. I can compare it to nothing else than the way a woodman twists a withe to bind up his fagots. At this point the whirlwind must have had a circular upwards motion, for near the oak, but lying in an opposite direction, was an elm which had been not uprooted, but literally twisted off the trunk about five feet from the ground. This is a short account of the wreck as I saw it."

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